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VOL. XL.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, APRIL 1, 1905.

No. 7

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS.

THERE were nine large structures of enormous size, each of them filled with objects of interest. The first on the right was the one devoted to varied industries; the one on the left to manufactures. Buildings devoted to transportation, education and social economy, mines and metallurgy, electricity and machinery, liberal arts agriculture and the fine arts clustered around. In many of the structures you would have to walk about four miles if you were to go down each corridor and examine each exhibit.

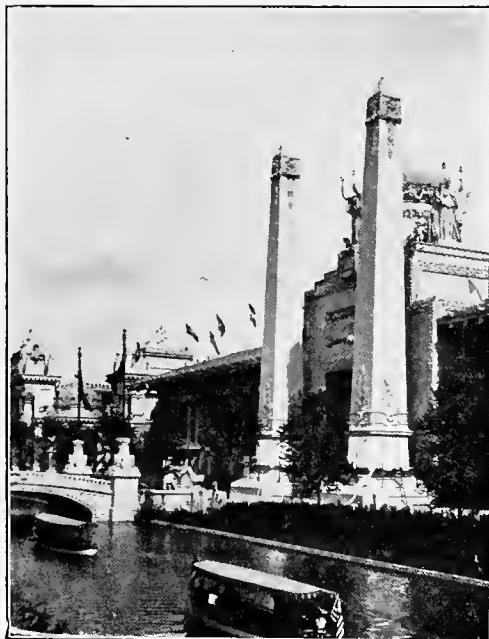
Between the buildings that were on each side was the Grand Lagoon in the Plaza St. Louis. Venetian gondolas skimmed the waters, filled with sight seers, and propelled by a single oar, after the Venetian style. The Lagoon extended up to the base of a hill, on the crest of which stood Festival Hall in which was placed the grand organ, containing one hundred and forty-five stops and ten thousand pipes, on which our Brother McClellan played on one occasion. On each side was the Terrace of States. At different times the fountains played and the cascades roared, lending an indescribable effect of beauty to the whole scene.

I shall never forget the sight as the fountains played and the setting sun lit up the majestic buildings as I looked from Festival Hall. It was the single sensation of pure enjoyment where the majesty of nature and the art of man produced a glorious combination.

A short distance from the Festival Hall, in an enclosure which cost twenty-five cents to enter, was a reproduction of the city of Jerusalem. It covered eleven acres, had three hundred houses and twenty-two streets. All the points of interest in the city were reproduced with careful exactness. You could see the Jews wailing place and the Via Dolorosa, or the road to the cross. Not far from this mimic Jerusalem was located a reproduction by painting and artificial lakes of the scene of some of the incidents in the great Boer war. On the grounds were the veterans who had fought the British on the battlefields of Africa. Foremost among them were General Ben Viljoen and General Piet Cronje, the hero of Paardeburg. There were three hundred British veterans and a like number of Boers with cannon and all the paraphernalia of war. The horses were trained to fall dead, and the men also,

during the fighting, so that when an engagement ended the plain was strewed with the killed and the wounded. Then followed the scenes incident to the battle, the carrying off of the dead and wounded. The surrender of General Cronje was also reproduced, and the filing past of the captives with their wives and children in the Cape carts. On the appearance of the Boer generals the immense audience cheered lustily. The Scotch Highlanders in their kilts came in for their share of

Visitors from Utah generally went to the state building. It was a neat and attractive structure wherein you could inscribe your name and rest yourself. It kept the name of our state before the people although it did not possess any particularly attractive features in itself. It was an object of much curiosity. Our state exhibits were very fine and captured many prizes. Citizens of Utah had every reason to be proud of them. The agricultural exhibit had a reproduction of Little



MINES AND METALLURGY BUILDING.

applause. The applause showed where the sympathy was the greatest. This object lesson was one of the best patronized exhibits in the fair, where an extra admission was charged. At the time of my visit there were more than five thousand present and the lowest price of admission was fifty cents. Three performances were given daily, a harmless representation of human slaughter as seen on the battlefield.



TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

Zion Valley, showing the farms enclosed by high mountains. This pretty little nook is found on one of the forks of the Virgin river, above Springdale, in southern Utah. The educational and mineral exhibits were first class.

To attempt a description of all that was wonderful would be tedious. The whole arrangement was a succession of surprises. It was the very best efforts of the world's citizens from everywhere.

There was nothing second class. The choicest productions of the sculptor's art amazed you. The Japanese exhibits in the different buildings were simply marvelous. The little nation, whose limit of territory is a trifle larger than the state of California, was ahead in everything. There were vases valued at \$750.00 each, silken products of fabulous price, models of their steamers, of their factories, of their educational seminaries, of their hospitals and their mines.

Germany had a magnificent display in every particular; so had France and other European nations.

In the Transportation Building was the first railroad engine ever built in England; as well as the largest, which weighed two hundred and forty tons, made in America; and the electric car, wedge-shaped, that traveled ninety miles an hour, of German make. The most astonishing thing to me was the first engine that ever ran on rails, built by Cugnot in France, in 1769, a three wheeled affair with an upright circular boiler. It was carefully guarded, it looked like an old iron pot on wheels.

Nearly all the states had representative buildings. Each of them possessed unique features. The Government Building

was a place where you could linger without fatigue. It was full of instructive lessons. The work of our great government in all its branches was portrayed. The Fisheries building near by brought you face to face with the denizens of the deep as seen behind thick plate glasses, lighted on the top, with the interior of the building darkened.

When you were tired gazing upon the objects in the different buildings, you could step outside and at each turn were trees and flowers of many kinds, all arranged so that every corner and nook were made beautiful. There were umbrella plants, caladiums, sylvias, century plants, bananas, cosmos, verbenas, all that was costly and rare, were arranged with consummate skill by the best gardeners in America. Seats were placed all around the buildings overlooking the Lagoon. At night the outlines of each building were lighted by electricity. The effect was dazzling. Pure drinking water filtered and cooled was sold at one cent per glass on the "penny in the slot" plan. At almost every turn were souvenir stands with every conceivable article to extract the last nickel from you.

C. R. Savage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

ONE of the earlier recollections of the writer is the memory of certain private theatricals that were given as a means of recreation in the family circle, and prominent among these stands out a little skit entitled, "A place for everything and everything in its place."

It enacted the troubles incident to a habit, formed by a supposed family, of mislaying everything, and the confusion arising from the inability to locate these misplaced articles.

A number of incidents have recently come under my notice, some of them particularly striking, which have suggested

some thoughts along the lines of "Everything in its place." The incidents I desire to relate refer to actions rather than objects, and I hope they will impress some of my readers as I have been impressed by them.

I had the privilege recently of visiting a newly organized Sunday School, which as could be expected, was not as perfect in some details as might have been under other circumstances. One of these defects was a tendency to restlessness on the part of the boys and girls. When it came to the passing of the Sacrament, as was the custom, the organist commenced playing the organ, and almost instantly, before many notes had issued from the instrument, I noticed the hand of a thorough musician. The piece was one of those undefinable themes, a succession of harmonies blending into each other, and instantly every boy and girl, man and woman was "eyes front" and "all ears," drinking in the flood of melody. All restlessness had disappeared and all were so absorbed that whispering was forgotten, and a glance around the hall failed to locate one eye that was not intently fixed upon the player.

In all my experience in listening to Sacramental music I have never before witnessed such an effect produced by music. It seemed to breathe the spirit of the Sacrament and I was forced to dwell upon the significance of this sacred ordinance, and I thought if we could but have such music at all times we should never more hear of "silent drills" or reprimands for disorder during the administration of the Sacrament.

The bread was passed and the music stopped and I said to myself if I get nothing more from my visit than the inspiration of that music I am repaid for coming. Then came the passing of the water; the organist commenced another piece, but O the change! The organist

was the same, the playing was of the same high order, but instead of the inspiring harmony of the former piece I listened to the strains of the song, "My Old Kentucky Home." The pupils showed the same attention and some were so moved that in different parts of the hall I heard voices singing the popular melody. Then to my mind came the title of the little farce out of my boyhood memories, "A place for everything and everything in its place."

The first piece drew all minds to dwell upon the sacredness of the Sacrament and the significance of the Ordinance; the second, although one of the sweetest of melodies, drew the thoughts away from the same, and through the minds of all ran the words of "My Old Kentucky Home."

In dwelling upon this, another incident came to my mind, which, undoubtedly, made a greater impression than the one already mentioned, and certainly impressed a greater number.

In one of the country towns of Utah, a lady, well along in years, was called to take that last journey which faces us all at the end of our lives. This lady was not a Latter-day Saint but counted her best friends in the ranks of our Church, and her dying request was that the president of the Stake, a very dear friend, should conduct her funeral and be one of the speakers.

As frequently occurs under such circumstances, a sectarian minister was desired, to take part in the services. Accordingly, a minister was brought from Salt Lake. The president of the Stake preceded the minister and gave a characteristic "Mormon" sermon, speaking of the virtues of the departed, the hope of a hereafter, and consoling the relatives and friends for the loss of their loved one. Then the minister followed; but note the difference: Instead of attempting to allay

the pangs of sorrow of the mourners, he took the remarks of the President for his text and proceeded to find fault with each point of doctrine advanced, and devoted his entire time to this line of thought, attempting to contradict the truths advanced for the consolation of the bereaved.

There are many incidents of a similar nature which could be related but these two will illustrate the point desired to be emphasized. The first mistake was one of the head, a lack of appreciation of the appropriateness of things, or a plain case of thoughtlessness. The second was an inexcusable mistake, prompted by malice alone.

Order is said to be the first law of heaven, and order comprises this essential of proper place. We find in every vocation and walk of life something misplaced, things done from lack of tact or thoughtlessness or at an improper time. In no place is it more important than in the Sunday School that order be observed, for it is here we meet the children whose habits we, as teachers, must help form, and they are of an age when they are most easily led to the right or the left, and they are the

ones that can be depended upon to pick out the mistakes that are made from time to time.

I recall an occasion when, upon entering a Sunday School, I was greeted with the warbling of a boy who was busily engaged preparing the house for the school; whistling as he worked. I have another recollection of a class all turned in their seats, grouped around their teacher during the opening exercises of the school, receiving instructions for the day's work, thus disturbing the whole body, when the same information could have been given ten minutes later in the class room. Still another, of the janitor filling a stove during "silent drill," thereby causing a break in the most impressive part of the session.

These are the things that must be overcome by eternal vigilance. Teach your pupils that "there is a place for everything," and bend all your energies by precept and example to have "everything in its place," and at the proper time remembering all the while that example goes a great deal farther than precept in all things.

W. F. Epoch.



IN OLD OHIO.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DANCE.

THE dance of the frontiersman has gone. It belonged to the generation that produced it. It knew nothing of the waltz and two-step, and those who participated in it could scarcely have moved through the stately Sir Roger de-Coverly. It was a species of quadrille in which the highest kicker and the best jig dancer won the popular applause. More-

over, as men were invariably more numerous than women, there was a "Tucker" element in every country dance that frequently resulted in good-humored, neighborly quarrels. Costume was a matter little thought of; whether the dancer wore high boots or clogs, a coon-skin cap or was bareheaded, made no difference with his social standing, and the girl who boasted a brocaded skirt handed down from her great-grandmother, stood no better chance for a partner than did her

sister in home-spun or print. Dancing and a Sunday sermon by some itinerant preacher, were the only diversions of the backwoodsman in the early days of the century. Hunting and fishing were business, not sport, and, while house-raising had in it an element of social enjoyment, it was only another form of work for which due recompense must be made.

Had Daniel been brought up any where else than in the Puritan confines of New England, he would not have felt the pangs of conscience that he experienced as he led Mary Ballantyne into the opening, and took his place with the rest of the young people. He was like other young men who wonder why certain amusements have ought of wrong in themselves, or whether it is just the inherited prejudice of generations that makes them so. In fact at this particular instant he was all in a tremble, not because he held his partner by the hand, but because he wondered what Hester and his mother would say should they see him under just these conditions. His conscientious scruples lasted but a moment. The twang of the old fiddler set his blood pulsating as it had never done before, and the "Hi! yi! swing your partner and catch the coon!" found him as spry as any of those who were with him.

The first dance ended, the fiddler and the men of the party once more sampled the honie-brewed punch, and Daniel actually found himself impatient for the music to begin again. There were in the party two or three young women, daughters of settlers who had come to assist Farmer Ballantyne. The etiquette of the country demanded that he should dance with each of these before claiming Mary's hand again. Of this fact he was either ignorant, or he ignored it, and for the third time he stepped upon the sod with Farmer Ballantyne's daughter. This was altogether too much for some of the

young men; a "Tucker" came into the circle, and almost before Daniel was aware of what had happened, a husky young farmer was swinging Mary, and he was standing sheepishly and alone amid the jeers of the company. Never before had the small quantity of patience which he possessed been so taxed. He suddenly felt that he had grown three inches in stature, and had a muscle like Hercules. There were girls who would have been glad had they posed as his partner; in fact he had received sly invitations and hints that his unsophisticated nature had entirely overlooked, and at this particular time, had he taken the joke as it was intended, all would have been well.

Instead of this he walked boldly up to Sam Long, caught him by the arm, swung him around, and stood once more by Mary's side. In an instant a fight was in progress, and the young Yankee found himself no match for the tall, lanky westerner. The girls shrieked, and from the fire-side men and women rushed up to see what was the matter. It was well they did so or Daniel would have found himself in need of repairs. Farmer Ballantyne rushed between the two combatants and violently dragged Daniel to one side, while old man Long performed the same kind office for his son.

"What's this all about?" Farmer Ballantyne demanded.

"Why, Long took Mary away from me in the dance, and he didn't ask her neither; I'll—"

"You'll make a fool of yourself if you are not careful. Now Daniel I did think you had more sense."

"Well, she was my partner any way, he hadn't any right to her, and I can whip him even if he does stand six feet."

"Well Daniel, can't you see that the others are doing just that way? Whenever a fellow wants a girl he just comes in and gets her and her beau waits for a

chance to get even; but he don't get even the way you tried to."

At the first sign of a quarrel Mary Balantyne had burst into tears, but when the matter was explained to her she could not refrain from laughing, and went from one to the other of the young men striving to bring about a truce. It was an easy matter so far as Long was concerned for he saw just how the Massachusetts boy felt in the matter, but it was more difficult to bring the other to his senses. As his anger cooled his conscience commenced to reproach him, and he felt that a veritable devil had taken possession of him because he had stepped aside from the traditional path in which his Puritanical ancestors had traveled. Finally he did consent to accept Long's proffered hand, and the dames of the party, with womanly instinct, changed the course of events by proposing some of the games that were popular on such occasions: games that would be considered rustic and uncouth to-day, but that then afforded a safety valve for the spirits of the young people.

Daniel took part in these, but his heart was heavy. During the busy days that had passed his mind had dwelt but little on his home, and the loved ones whom he had left behind. To be sure he had hoped that the time would come when they would join him, when he could have a homestead amid the rolling hills of Ohio; but all this had seemed like a dream, too far distant to be capable of realization. Then, too, he had forgotten Hester—Hester who had made his tipped and his mittens, who had packed his basket with the lunch that his mother had prepared; Hester who had always been an inspiration in times of doubt and difficulty, and in her place, Mary's picture had been constantly before him; because she was present with him. And then to think that, save a brief note written from Buffalo, he had not

sent a line to Massachusetts to tell of the events which were so rapidly crowding into his life! For a moment he made a resolve that he would stay with the Balantynes just long enough to help them build the chimney with its wide fireplace, lay the floor, build the shed, and do the little clearing that was absolutely necessary, and then strike out for the more distant west where he might begin life on his own account—

"He says there ain't no sense in baptizing little children." The words which Daniel overheard were spoken by Mr. Brown to one of the men standing near.

"Yes, he says that all children that die go straight to heaven, and he has a lot more queer notions. For my part I am mighty thankful that I got wet before I was old enough to know it. It's about the only religion that ever got hold of me and I guess it'll do so long as I don't do nothin' very bad."

Daniel was now thoroughly interested.

"And you say this preacher has been stoppin' to your house?" asked Scott.

"Well, he stayed there one night and talked his queer notions with the old woman until midnight. The next mornin' he was off for the lake, but he said he'd be back Sunday week and wanted to know if I'd let him preach to the neighbors in my barn. I can't make out just what he did believe, but he says there is a whole lot just like him down the country and we'd hear more from them by and by."

"Well, will you let him preach?"

"O! I hain't no particular objections; preachers do be very scarce in this country and I guess we can listen to him for an hour or two, and then have a good time after. It can't do us no harm any way. But my wife says if he preaches anything again the good old Methodist faith, he can't stop over night to our house."

"Then why don't you tell the neighbors? They're all here and I reckon

they'll all come and bring picnic with them; why there ain't been a parson around these parts since last fall. Hello, people! there's going to be preachin' down to Farmer Brown's place Sunday week and you're all invited with your sweethearts. Bring your dinners and come early for we'll have fun with the preacher if we can't have it any other way," and Daniel in his heart determined to go.

It was now so late that all thoughts of returning home were given up. In the shelter of the new house rude beds were made for the women and children, for each wagon had brought its supply of blankets and quilts. The men, accustomed to a more strenuous life, lay out under the trees, and save for the whir of the bat and the hooting of the distant owl, silence reigned at "Ebenezer."



CRUCIFIXION.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174.)



UR Lord and Savior Jesus Christ was crucified according to the Roman custom, and every mark of contempt, ridicule and infamy was heaped upon His head. Read the following: "While He was in the high priest's house, they did spit in his face and buffeted him, and others smote him with the palms of their hands, saying, Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, who is he that smote thee" (Matt. 26: 67, 68; Mark 14: 65). Pilate heard that Christ was of Galilee, and sent Him to Herod; and before He was dismissed by him, Herod, with his men of war set Him at naught, and mocked Him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe (Luke 23: 11).

When Pilate ordered Him to be scourged the first time, the soldiers mocked and insulted Him, and after Pilate had condemned Him to be crucified (Matt. 27: 27-31; Mark 15: 16-20), "they stripped Him, and put on Him a scarlet robe, and when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His right hand; and they bowed the knee before Him, saying, Hail King

of the Jews. And they spit upon Him, and took the reed and smote Him on the head."

These were the tokens of contempt and ridicule in use at that time.

When Pilate delivered Jesus to be crucified, he ordered that He should be scourged (Mark 15: 15). It is well known that among the Romans scourging always preceded crucifixion, for slaves who took up arms against the state were first whipped and then suspended upon crosses. We read that Flaccus, the Roman prefect, in putting to death the Jews of Alexandria, first had them mangled and torn with scourges in the theatres, and afterwards had them fastened to the crosses.

During the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans, large numbers of the Jews were first whipped and then suffered death upon the cross.

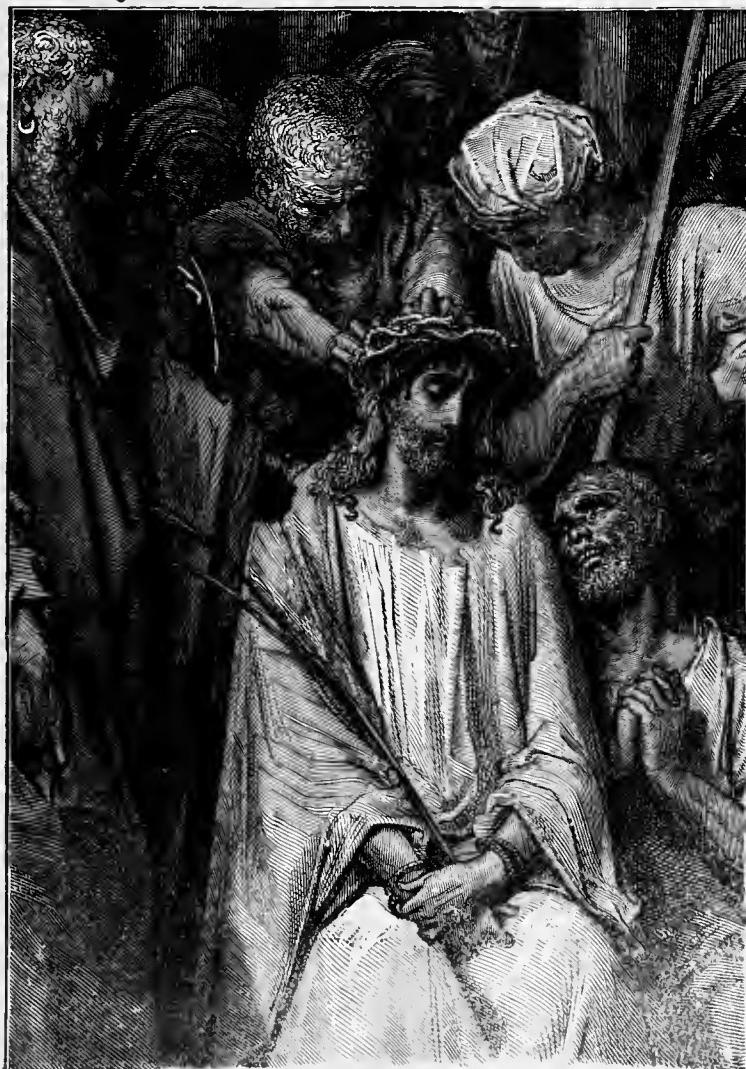
Jesus, having received many stripes and bruises, and being faint from the loss of blood, by reason of the cruel wounds inflicted upon Him, was unable to carry to the place of execution the cross from which he was to be suspended. The soldiers therefore compelled Simon, a Cyrenian, who was on the way to Jerusalem,

and happened to be passing at that time, to carry the cross for Jesus.

We may well imagine that Jesus at every few steps toward His execution experienced every abuse that His tormentors could inflict. It is stated He was hurled to the ground time and again, stimulated with goads, and through lassitude and weakness, found His strength so far gone as to be unable longer to sustain the cross. But it was

the infliction of this punishment that quickened His death on the cross, thus causing Pilate to marvel at the speedy dissolution.

When the place of execution was reached, the cross was laid on the ground, and Jesus was stripped of His clothing, and robes of mockery placed upon Him, He was offered the stupefying myrrh and wine, but refused to drink, not wishing to deaden the quickness of the pain, but cheerfully



THE CROWN OF THORNS.

to meet death in all its horrors. He drank the cup which His Father had prepared for Him. He was fastened to the cross by four soldiers, and His hands and feet pierced with the large nails. After these spikes had been driven through His hands and feet and riveted, the cross was elevated, and, we are told, was allowed to come down with full force into the hole which had been dug to receive it. This shock must have caused the Savior the most excruciating pain. It may have been at this time that He prayed for His murderers: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The Evangelist tells us that He was crucified without the city. "And He, bearing His cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha" (John 19: 17). "For the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city" (verse 20). The Apostle to the Hebrews has mentioned this in the following words: "Wherefore Jesus also suffered without the gate" (Heb. 13: 12).

We also find examples of offenders being taken without the gate, in the Old Testament (Num. 15: 35): "And the Lord said unto Moses, the man shall surely be put to death: all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp."

(I Kings 21: 13) "Then they carried him forth out of the city and stoned him with stones that he died." If such was the custom in the territories of the kings of Israel, it is certain that criminals would not be put to death within the city of Jerusalem. Cases there may have been where the offender was crucified within the city, and possibly near the temple, but it was not according to legal process; for the law required that the offender should be crucified without the gates of the city.

It was customary to appoint a number of soldiers to watch the place of execution till the criminal was dead; and so we read that a body of soldiers with a centurion, were placed to guard Jesus Christ and the two malefactors that were put to death with him (Matt. 27: 54).

While the soldiers were guarding Him Jesus complained of thirst. This was natural under the excruciating torture, so one of the guards quickly filled a sponge from a vessel of vinegar that stood near. Jesus received the vinegar and then cried with a loud voice, "It is finished. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." His head fell upon His bosom, and His spirit took its flight (John 19: 30; Matt. 27: 50).

Frank Van Cott.



CURRENT TOPICS.

RUSSIA'S NEW CLASS.

NE of the causes of Russia's recent troubles is the new class that she has been educating and developing for the last fifty years, a class that has grown sufficiently numerous to make itself felt throughout the empire, a class that is filling responsi-

ble places in the manufacturing industries as well as in the schools of learning. When the Crimean war was on, Russia was greatly hampered in the movement of her armies and in all strategical plans by lack of individual initiative. Her soldiers were ignorant, often dull and indifferent. They obeyed commands as best they could, but they had to be driven

often to action. It was not always easy for them to comprehend just what was required.

The poor peasant might have remained in his mental darkness so far as his own interests were concerned, but the government needed a more intelligent service in time of war. Schools, therefore, were established; universities, not primary schools. They had not then, and have not now, any part in a universal educational system as with us. Russian officials expected to manufacture in their numerous universities a needful commodity for war—education—just as they manufactured new guns and better ammunitions. The governing classes did not think of sending their children to these schools; they continued to educate their children privately and by traveling teachers, often French or German.

Those who were to fill up these universities everywhere established were the sons of the peasants who at the time of the Crimean war were mere chattels. They received no wages and were not allowed to leave the estates of the nobility on which they labored from early childhood to death, generation after generation. The land was divided up among them—purchased from their former masters and paid for in instalments with the aid of the government, and yet they were not allowed to leave the farm except by special permission of the authorities who might need somewhere else factory hands, or employes for the government.

The sons of these freed peasants, that is, the cleverest among them, were selected by the tutor of some nobleman in the region where the boys were. The boys were prepared to enter the universities and sent off to be trained as clerks for the government, or to be prepared for special technical work that the government required. Government employes in Russia constitute a vast army, greater

by far than in any other country on earth. The number of these young men has been constantly increasing. Thus education that was intended to come to the relief of the government in all possible exigencies has established a rapidly growing middle class, a class that is now strenuously demanding the exercise of political rights. This class is often indifferent to improved economic conditions which under present circumstances it would not be permitted to share. Men of this class prefer to wait until they have greater political freedom before promoting national advantages that would be denied them.

There are only two classes in Russia, legally defined, the nobles and the peasants. The middle ground between these two has come gradually to be occupied by those whose educational opportunities have taken them to cities where they have engaged in trade or manufacture, or where they have entered the professions of law or medicine. They have really no defined political status. The political conditions of peasant life would be unbearable to them, and they enjoy none of the political privileges of the nobility. They must witness distinctions which they cannot feel and do not acknowledge except as they are forced to. An autocratic, arbitrary and absolute government would have men of this undefined class feel that all the privileges enjoyed by them are the gracious gifts of the Czar who sees always with somebody else's eye and hears with another's ear.

But what could such men do? A brutal soldiery stood guard over them. Soldiers from peoples of other nationalities, enlisted from most distant parts of the empire, had no sympathy with this educated class. Revolution was out of the question. Little by little, however, the peasant class has been made to comprehend conditions that bear heavily upon them, and they understand that there is a real

kinship among them and their educated cousins of second and third degree. Will the soldier consent to shed the blood of his kin, or will he resist the ruthless command of a stubborn aristocracy?

Even Serge De Witte in his governmental policy ignores the political needs and longings of this middle class. His efforts to improve the material conditions of the peasants do not take into account that men do not live by bread alone. As men grow in intelligence and in their capacity to assimilate the forces of progress, they need more than good roads, improved transportation, and agricultural betterments. They require sympathetic interests and are moved by patriotic considerations. The cause of their country becomes their cause. They will put their shoulders to the wheel provided they can do so by intelligent consideration. In emancipating themselves from the fetters that limited their action, they have experienced a new world in which they are striving to live more completely and more intelligently.

It is this great middle class that must be looked to to educate the peasant to a higher conception of life. The resistance of those educated for the various utilities of an absolute government is now felt by the government that brought them into existence. That resistance has been most powerfully demonstrated within the past three months. It will never be overcome. The bureaucracy must give way. Think of it! liberty of conscience, political and religious freedom in Russia.

Again Russian aristocracy is feeling, as she never felt before, the pressure of the outside world, a pressure making for higher civilization in the dark corners of the earth. "It is not good for man to be alone." Neither is it good for nations to be alone. All must in time be wedded to civilization and to the purposes of the Allwise Creator who hath made of one

blood all the inhabitants of the earth. The education of this great middle class is frustrating Russia's program of isolation. What marvels in human liberty and in human progress the victims of Japan in Manchuria have brought to Russian life. Russia will eventually come into the family of nations liberated from the religious and political bondage of the past.

CATHOLICISM AND THE BIBLE.

THOSE familiar with the practice of the Catholic religion in different parts of the world know that the common people do not, as a rule, read the Bible. The idea, therefore, has gained ground that Catholicism is opposed to a knowledge of the Scriptures which comes from reading them. Recently, however, an Italian Catholic, Professor Cleventi, has made a translation of the Gospels into Italian. Upon the completion of the work, it was presented to the Pope, who, realizing that it was to be circulated for the benefit of the people at large, made use of the following words:

Gladly do I give my blessing, and that with both hands and a full heart; for I do not doubt that this work will produce the richest fruit, and is already blessed by God. The more we read the Gospel, the stronger our faith becomes. The Gospels are writings valuable for everybody and under all circumstances,

I have lived among the common people, and know what they want and what pleases them. Tell them the simplest Bible stories, and you will have attentive listeners and effect blessed results. Some people think that the peasants, with their plain, every-day way of thinking, would not profit by the reading of the Scriptures. This is incorrect. The average peasant is a shrewder thinker than we may suspect, and knows how to draw correct lessons from the Scriptures, often even better than many of the preachers. But it is not only the common people and the lower classes who will profit by the reading of the Scripture. No matter how many prayer-books and books of devotion there

may be for the priests, none is better than the Gospel. This is an unsurpassed book of devotion—the true bread of life.

This is certainly a step forward in religious freedom. Those who are familiar with Catholics in Germany, Austria and France know that, as a general rule, the masses feel that it would be sinful to read the Bible. What is proposed by this new translation is not to place the entire Bible in the hands of the people, but only the four Gospels, and, for the present, only among the Italians. But translations will, sooner or later, be given to other Catholic countries. It will, therefore, be much easier to discuss religion with the Catholic world than it has been heretofore. The Gospels afford ample opportunity for religious discussion, even though Catholics are discouraged from using the entire Bible. However, it is but a question of time when other portions of the Bible will constitute allowable Scriptures with which the masses of the Catholic world may make themselves familiar.

Latter-day Saint missionaries who are now laboring in any part of the Catholic world will certainly welcome an opportunity to discuss their faith with those whom heretofore they have been unable to reach.



NEW ECONOMIC CONDITIONS OF THE SOUTH,

THE changes coming to our southern states from improved conditions of agriculture are so great and rapid that we are really witnessing the growth of a new South. Of course, cotton is still king there; but cotton is not grown in the South as it was ten years ago. Before the civil war the South produced about four and a half million bales a year; and for many years after, the amount raised did not greatly exceed that; but last year

it reached the immense quantity of twelve million bales. New methods of horticulture also prevail, and the semi-tropical fruits of the South are not only improved in quality, but their quantity is greater than ever. Land in the last five years has, perhaps, doubled in value; in many places indeed, it is worth five times what it was four years ago. It is now reasonably certain that cotton picking machines will work successfully and reduce greatly the expense of picking the crop.

What at present seems of unusual interest to the South is the emigration there from Europe of thousands of Italians. The people find the climate similar to that of their native country. Along the river bottoms that have been thought suitable only for the negroes, where the latter have been in proportion to the whites from four and five to one, in some instances fifteen to one, the Italians appear to prosper very greatly. These foreigners now receive every inducement to emigrate to the southern states; and from the accounts of their thrift they are likely to transform the South. The old South of plantation days is fast disappearing. New life created by the influx of foreigners and the investment of millions from the North is now breaking down the distinctions that have long existed between North and South.

It is true the South will long be distinctively the home of the negro; but pure negro blood will become less by reason of admixture with the Latin races, that do not have the same aversion to the negro race that exists among the Anglo-Saxons. In Mexico today anybody may marry anybody. Negroes, Spaniards and Indians have become hopelessly mixed by intermarriage in a manner impossible in this country.

Whether Italians will be as indifferent to the admixture of negro blood, is, of course,

a question of the future. No doubt they will be governed largely by the sentiment that now prevails in the South among the whites respecting intermarriage with the blacks. They will further be deterred by the barrier which the law sets up. However, the Italians are making a good name for themselves, and they will prove a great factor in transforming the South, especially if they come in sufficient numbers.

The following tribute is paid the Italians in the South by Mr. Stone in the *South Atlantic Quarterly*:

From the garden spot which the negro allows to grow up in weeds the Italian will supply his family from early spring until late fall, and also market enough largely to carry him through the winter. I have seen the ceilings of their houses literally covered with strings of dried butter beans, pepper, okra, and other garden products, while the walls would be hung with corn, sun cured in the roasting-ear stage. In the rear of a well-kept house would be erected a woodshed, and in it could be seen enough firewood, sawed and ready for use, to run the family through the winter months. These people did not wait till half frozen feet compelled attention to the question of fuel, and then tear down a fence to supply their wants. Nor would they be found drifting about near the close of each season in an aimless effort to satisfy an unreasoned desire to "move," to make the next crop somewhere else.

SHALL WE EXCLUDE JAPANESE LABORERS?

FOR some time there have been afoot movements for the exclusion of Japanese laborers, as the Chinese have been excluded, and the grounds for the demands are practically the same as those which have been successful in keeping out the Chinese. Labor unions, especially in the West, have taken up the agitation against the Japanese, claiming that the latter work for much lower wages, and that their standard of living is greatly below that of the white races. These complaints

do not find so much currency in the East where the demand for domestic service is so great and the supply so limited. In our navy, many of these foreigners are employed and it does not appear that they are satisfied with either low wages or a low standard of living, and nowhere are they so economical as the Chinese.

In the West, the Japanese have been employed very extensively by the railroads at a figure perhaps somewhat below that usually paid to the whites. But white labor has been difficult for the railroads to get. Much of the white labor in the West, the railroad people say, is of the tramp order. The roads demand regularity and constancy and these two qualities are more pronounced among the Japs. There may be more grounds for complaint in the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands where Japanese labor is cheaper than that of the white man, but not below that of other Asiatics.

When times are hard, the agitation will undoubtedly increase; for, disguise it as we may, there is a growing determination that this shall be a white man's country. The negro is a permanent factor in our country's life it is true, but emigration here will be more strenuously guarded in the future than it has been in the past.

If Japan is finally successful in her war in Manchuria, she will find an outlet for over crowded population; and the increase of emigration to this country would not be alarmingly great for some time. However, America will always be a more inviting field for labor than Manchuria or Korea, and in time, Japanese will seek our shores in ever increasing numbers.

But Japan has just stepped into the ranks of the great nations of the world, and she would naturally resent any discrimination against her people. We could not coerce her as we have coerced China. She might be in a position to retaliate

against us greatly to our detriment. No doubt Japan will be China's most powerful and most influential adviser, and not only legislate therefore against our commerce in Japan, but prevail upon the Chinese government to do likewise in China.

We are putting great store upon the promise of an enormous commerce between this country and the orient. Japan could do us endless damage if she became unfriendly or hostile. The Japanese question is quite sure to rise before many years to plague us. We shall soon have more international issues than any other country on earth.



GERMANS IN BRAZIL.

THE Germans have long been actively engaged in colonizing desirable parts of Brazil. Influence has been brought to bear throughout Germany to direct emigration rather to South than to North American countries. The reasons for such a policy are quite easy to discover. In the first place, it puts the Germans in communication with the fatherland for what supplies of manufactured goods they may need; and the fatherland becomes the banker for its colonial children. It is quite different with Germans who come to the United States. They soon become assimilated here to all our business interests.

Those who have settled in Brazil go chiefly to the state of Rio Grande do Sul. They push out one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles into the north-west of

the states and are clearing away the timbers, very much as the settlers of our middle states did a century ago. About two hundred thousand German farmers live in Rio Grande do Sul. If the fatherland ceased entirely to send recruits, and they have not been very great in recent years, these people would populate rapidly the country. They have very large families and the death rate is exceedingly low in the temperate climate they enjoy there. These Germans remain exclusive, seldom marrying with the Brazilians proper. They get their inspiration from abroad, even the newspapers are furnished by the fatherland.

The Brazilian government has not been greatly anxious to further the emigration of Germans as they think their country is already too much Germanized. Another reason for opposition is the capitalization of new industries and transportation facilities by German money. The political influence of this class naturally increases and today it is quite powerful in Brazil.

It is German activity in that South American republic that gives rise in this country to the suspicion that Germany has some political designs on South America generally. These European settlers are really building up the country and adding enormously to its wealth. They are certainly entitled to some consideration at the hands of the government which might justly do more than it does to promote railroad building and other facilities for the commercial interests of its new colonies.



A THOUGHT.

Life is but growth, and he is truly dead
Who finds no task for heart, nor hand, nor
head;
Who smooths no path for coming feet to tread,
Because, perchance, his days of youth are fled!

For youth and age both have their store of
joys—
A store that neither time nor change alloys;
And he who all his gifts for good employs
Has wealth that neither moth nor rust destroys.

Selected.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - APRIL 1, 1905

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A WORD WITH OUR YOUNG MEN.



F our young men could only realize early in life the conditions with which they will be surrounded in later years, many of them would avoid the mistakes that are too common in their early education. There is an ever increasing, but erroneous notion that after one has received an education in our schools, its practical value can be found only in the professions of law and medicine, or perhaps in the school room. There is such a transformation in mechanism and agriculture that the pursuit of these studies requires yearly a higher standard of intelligence. It

should not be imagined that we have covered in the states and territories where we are located the whole field of agricultural opportunities: they are increasing every year.

Now that the government has undertaken to reservoir our flood waters, millions of acres of new land will be brought under cultivation. Indian reservations will be opened and valuable tracts of land will be redeemed by means of pumping subterranean waters to the surface. It should be our policy to secure as much of these lands as we legitimately can.

In all of our Church schools, the subject of agriculture and horticulture should be emphasized and practically all the students should be invited to study these subjects, that we may avail ourselves of the excellent agricultural and horticultural opportunities that are awaiting us in the near future. Parents should seriously consider the value of farm life to their sons and make farm life so intelligent as to be attractive. The resources of the unredeemed farms that are now desert lands will amount to many millions in the near future.

While it is important to avail ourselves of material advantages, it is still more important that those occupations that are most conducive to a moral life should be everywhere encouraged by the Latter-day Saints. Professions that are full of temptations to unfair dealings with one's fellow man, are not, as a rule, to be commended. They may infatuate the youth by the hope of unusual gains and distinguished honors, but they are not, there-

fore, conducive to the greatest happiness. That which will develop our young men physically and morally is not only the most desirable for the happiness and welfare of the present generation, but of generations to come.

The farmer has an excellent opportunity to live an upright and God-fearing life. Nature does not permit him to violate her laws nor to deal slothfully with her; she encourages regularity and thrift. The farmer does not figure upon the tricks in trade, but upon the honest reward of intelligent toil. Our true happiness and welfare as a Church will be found less in the occupation of money brokers, speculators and professional men than in mechanism and in the cultivation of the soil.

Some experience in farm life should be enjoyed by every boy who would develop the manly qualities that come from a robust body and the invigorating atmosphere of the virgin soil. Let us get all the land that we can, cultivate it and stock it and be producers. In the end we shall be richer and happier than those who seek material welfare in speculation. If we miss the opportunity which the immediate future holds in store for us, by which we can secure our legitimate share of the new farms that will be opened soon, we shall live to regret our folly.

Let our young people read books on agriculture, learn the wonderful advancement that it is making, and they will readily understand that as much intelligence and scientific knowledge may be used on the farm as are required in the office of the lawyer or the doctor. Above all things let us not part with our lands. They mean the moral as well as the material welfare of our people. The man, therefore, who indifferently parts with his farm is recreant to the obligations which he owes to himself, to his children, and to his unborn

generations, and therefore to his God. Suppose the farm does not pay as much as the store, that does not signify that it is less valuable. Suppose that the interest on the farm is less than that which comes or may come, from a multitude of investments, it still has in it more of the element of certainty. There is no better place in the world to grow and perpetuate a splendid manhood and womanhood than the farm.

It is to be feared that the dangerous spirit of speculation is making an inroad upon the lives of our people. The leaders of every community should by their united wisdom avail themselves of all lands which it is possible to redeem and make available as homes for our young people and encourage young men to learn the lesson of scientific and progressive farming. It is, after all, better to possess or inherit the actual wealth, than the wealth which is represented in gold and silver. Too many of our young men today are allured to disappointment and failure by the false notions which the fleeting and unenduring in our civilization have engendered.

Joseph F. Smith.



**GROUPING AND DATES OF HOLDING
DISTRICT SUNDAY SCHOOL
CONVENTIONS, 1905.**

(Second List.)

Salt Lake, Ensign, Tooele and Davis, in Salt Lake City, April 22 and 23.

Beaver, Parowan, St. George, Kanab, and Panguitch, at Cedar City, May 6 and 7.

Juab, North and South Sanpete and Sevier, at Manti, May 28 and 29.

Cache, Hyrum, Benson, Oneida and Malad, at Logan, June 3 and 4.

Union at La Grande, June 17 and 18.

Star Valley, Bear Lake and Woodruff, at Paris July 1 and 2.

Millard at Fillmore, August 5 and 6. Teton, Fremont and Bingham at Rexburg, August 26 and 27.
 Pocatello, Blackfoot and Bannock, at Cassia, at Oakley September 16 and 17.
 Pocatello, August 12 and 13.



ACROSS CANADA.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

PRAIRIE fires in Canada are among the most magnificent scenes of destruction that ever visit that land. During the late summer, when the grass begins to dry, a spark of fire from an engine, a camp fire, or from a cigarette thrown from the hands of cowboy, may start the flames leaping in all directions. Where the grass is high, the great clouds of smoke with beautiful curled outlines roll themselves into massive mountain shapes that fill the sky for hundreds of miles. At night the flames light the heavens with brilliant scenes that are truly awe-inspiring.

The destruction caused by the prairie fires is sometimes most appalling. Thousands or acres of luxuriant grass and thousands of tons of hay are swept out of existence with great rapidity. So destructive are these fires that the government has found it necessary to appoint regular officers whose business it is to prevent their beginning and to detect and punish those who either wilfully or carelessly bring such a calamity on to the country.

As one travels along the railroad, for hundreds of miles on either side of the track, at a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet, one will see strips of from eight to ten feet of plowed land that is intended to arrest the fire that



THE PRAIRIE.

may be started by sparks from the locomotives.

Fighting fire is one of the duties that devolves upon every inhabitant of the land, and mounted police are given authority to go through the towns and villages, and order the people out en masse to fight fire, either by day or by night. Sometimes all day long and all night settlers are drawing wet gunny bags and sacks along the line of spreading flames.

On one occasion, at Mountain View, a small village in western Alberta, a fire was seen beyond the river in the direction of the Rocky mountains. Columns of smoke were seen rolling in the direction of the foothills, and the people about the village all realized that at any moment a call for fire fighters might come. The writer was there attending a meeting of the Saints. Pretty soon a policeman rode up to the village store and ordered all the men in sight to get out and fight the fire. Teams were called for, and before long the writer himself

was approached by the mounted police and asked if there was any reason why he too should not take part in preventing the destruction of the flames. When the police learned that the person was merely a visitor in the country he wheeled about on his horse and started in quest of others.

Within the course of half an hour a meeting of the Saints in that village was in progress. Soon after the hymn had been announced for the beginning of worship, in came the police, who walked directly up to the stand without any embarrassment or any ado and ordered one or two men from the stand to go out and join the ranks. All promptly responded, for fire fighting is a duty to which the people subscribe as a just call in the common interests of the country. The country, however, is so rapidly coming under cultivation that the fires occur only on distant ranches, and are not so frequent through southern Alberta as in days gone by.



CANADA'S NEW PROVINCES.

THE Canadian Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, presented to the Canadian parliament, on the 21st of February, a bill providing for the organization of two provinces out of the four territories of Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Athabasca; the provinces to be known as Alberta and Saskatchewan. All of Alberta, Athabasca and the western part of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, up to longitude 110, constitute Alberta, and the balance, Saskatchewan. The provinces will be bounded on the north by the sixtieth degree

of latitude and on the south by the United States.

The admission of territories into provinces has a meaning similar to the admission into statehood in this country. Only a few years ago the entire country of the North west was a wilderness occupied by Hudson Bay trappers and roving herds of buffaloes. Today wheat fields cover thousands of square acres, and the population has reached one-half million. In view of the fact that the census of 1901 gave the population at 160,000, it will be seen that the enormous increase



CALGARY.

of 340,000 has taken place since then.

The proposed division of the territories will give to each province about an equal share of the population. If the bill passes as presented, the province of Manitoba will feel some disappointment, as its people expected to enlarge its domain by the annexation of some of the North-west territory. However, there is the territory of Keewatin to the north and east of Manitoba, that may come into that province's possession.

The leading question, perhaps, that will occupy the discussion relating to the admission of these two provinces is the land question. The provinces will desire the ownership of the public lands. This

the federal government is hardly likely to consent to, and it will go to the United States for a precedent. In this country, when territories are admitted, the public lands remain the property of the United States, except such lands as the enabling act specifically gives to the states.

The capitals of these provinces will undoubtedly be Regina and Calgary. Our people are located in southern Alberta, and will be close to the capital, which they can reach easily by rail. The change of government in Alberta will involve its settlers in an additional expense. Large tracts of cultivated lands that are now untaxed will be assessed to maintain the new government.



WHAT YOUR MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE;

Whilst walking down a crowded city street the other day

I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say: "Say, Chimmy, lemme tell youse I'd be happy as a clam

If I only wuz de feller dat me mudder t'inks I am."

"She t'inks I am a wonder an' she knows her little lad

Could never mix wit' nuttin' dat wuz ugly, mean or bad.

Oh, lots o' times I sit an' t'ink how nice 'twould be, gee whiz!

If a feller wuz de feller dat his mudder t'inks he is."

My friend, be yours a life of care or undiluted joy, You still can learn a lesson from this small, unlettered boy.

Don't aim to be a dreamy saint, with eyes fixed on a star,

Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

Adapted.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Edited by Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris

SECOND SUNDAY, APRIL 9TH, 1905.

1. Song. "Good morning to you." (Hill).
2. Song "In the early spring time."
3. Prayer. Lord's Prayer.
4. Song. Easter song. (Either the one in the Hill or the Smith book. Teach it after the Nature talk).
5. Nature Talk.

Who looked well last Sunday on the way home from Sunday School to see if they could see some little thing that was waking up? Who has seen anything during the week? (Name over all the things that are awakening. You know better what is to be observed than I and can speak of many things seen in your particular locality.) All the little leaves, plants and birds are so glad to come back. The plants and the trees are like new. And they are new, too, for last fall when the flowers and leaves got ready to go away they first prepared little seeds and leaf-buds to leave here on the plants and trees, and all winter they have slept so soundly that now as they come back it seems as if they are more beautiful than any that were ever here before. And perhaps something else will soon wake up, and some are awake now. Do you know what they call this time of year when all Nature's little children wake up from their long naps? It is called Easter time. And Easter Sunday the little chickens and rabbits are so happy and all the other little things, too. Old Mrs. Hen is happy, too, and she gives a nice, fresh egg every day so that the children can have some pretty Easter eggs. The little plants try so hard to have their pretty colored dresses on for Easter Sunday.

There is a pretty song that says:

The seeds and flowers are sleeping sound,
Till Easter time, till Easter time,
And then they'll rise above the ground,
At happy Easter time.
And as they rise they seem to say,
That we shall rise some day.

Hill Song Book.

6. Review.

Last Sunday I told you a story of our Savior as He stood by a beautiful lake, and what was it He saw rocking to and fro? And as He stood there who came to the shore? What did the people come for? Well, what did the Savior do so that all the people could see and hear? After He finished speaking what did He ask the fishermen to do? When they put the nets down in the water what happened? Would all the fish go in one boat? What happened to the ships when all the fish were in them? What did the Savior tell the fishermen? What did He mean?

7. Rest exercise.

Give the little fish play given last Sunday. Let all the children stand, then ask one child at a time to show something to do.

A good rest exercise to lead up to the Easter story is, "In My Little Garden Bed." Finger Play Book, p. 24.

"In my little garden bed raked so nicely over (Lap may be the garden bed, right hand or both—fingers spread the rake). First the tiny seeds I sow, then with soft earth cover. Shining down the great round sun smiles upon them often. (Let hands meet over the head, smiling faces the sun). Little raindrops patter down, help the seed to soften. (Drum with fingers tips on floor or chairs for

rain). Then the little plants awake, down the roots go creeping, up they lift their little heads, through the brown earth peeping. High and higher still they grow through the summer hours, till some happy day the buds open into flowers." (Suit motions to the thoughts).

Suggestions.

If possible have a bulb to show to the children before telling the story. Also have a flower, either in a pot or cut, which may be covered with soft paper and placed in the center of the room so all the children can see it while the story is being told. At the close of the story choose a child to take the paper off and then carry the flower around so that all may smell of it and admire it.

It is not necessary to buy an Easter lily, almost any flower will answer.

Children are always interested where there is an air of mystery. Like us, they are more interested in a story beginning, "Once upon a time," or "A long, long time ago," than in being told if they will sit straight we will tell them a story about this or that or something else. Strive to make everything interesting to the children, as you like things made interesting to you.

8. Story. Miss Lily Bulb.

Far up in the attic, or top of the gardener's house, cuddled together in an old chest or box, were ever so many seeds and bulbs. They had been there for a long time and the attic was always dark.

There was just one small hole in the roof where, on sunny days, a bright sunbeam crept through to cheer the bulbs in the box, for they sometimes grew restless and thought they were of no use at all.

One day the bulbs were very much surprised to have the gardener come and take them one by one in his hand. At last he chose one and carried it away, and

the sunbeam whispered to the others, "Be patient, your turns will come and you will be so beautiful some day."

The gardener carried Miss Lily Bulb down the stairs and out into the garden, where he had been digging the ground to make it soft. After making a nice bed in the brown earth he laid Miss Lily Bulb in it and patted the dirt tightly all around her as carefully as though he were tucking a little girl or boy into bed.

Miss Lily Bulb did not like to be tucked in so tightly and began to complain, but just then a little worm came crawling by and whispered, "Be patient, Lily Bulb, and soon you will begin to grow."

"Grow," answered the bulb, "Whatever is that?"

"I don't know, exactly, but it is something very nice," the worm answered. "Be patient and you will know some day."

Very soon the bulb went fast asleep and slept a long, long time, until one day she heard a gentle tap, tap, tap, just above her. What do you think it was? The warm spring rain.

She felt so warm then she began to stretch and the rain drops called, "Come, Miss Lily Bulb, wake up, Spring is here!"

She pushed down and she pushed up and was so happy that she remembered what the worm said to her and thought that at last she had begun to grow.

The warm sunshine made her feel still happier and she kept on growing and growing.

Instead of the brown dress she had now a beautiful new green dress and reached far above the ground.

When the gardener passed her one morning he stopped to look at her and said, "This will be a fine lily, I am sure. I think it will bloom by Easter." Then Lily Bulb said to herself, "I will do my very best." So she kept on growing straight and tall until again the gardener

stopped near her and with delight exclaimed, "My beautiful Easter Lily!"

Sure enough in addition to the beautiful green dress there was a pure white flower lifting its head like a cup to the sunshine.

On Sunday morning—Easter Sunday—the gardener's little daughter wrapped the lily in soft white paper and carried it to the meetinghouse, where ever so many boys and girls and papas and mamas could see and enjoy it. The flower seemed to say to them: (Recite to children)

The seeds and flowers are sleeping sound,
Till Easter time, till Easter time,
And then they rise above the ground
At happy Easter time.
And as they rise from sleep they say,
That we shall wake some day.

The singing birds come back again,
At Easter time, at Easter time.
The little streams are waking then
At happy Easter time.
And as they sing with joy they say,
That we shall wake some day.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing. Now hand in hand.

THIRD SUNDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1905.

I. Choose a Sunshine Song.

2 Hymn.

"Thanks for constant care."
(Hill, page 19.)

3. Prayer.

4. Song. Choose.

5. Nature Talk.

Who can tell me something about Easter Sunday? (Coloring eggs will very likely be uppermost in the children's minds.) We had colored eggs. Let me see the hands of those children who had colored eggs! What color was yours? (Ask a number of children this question. If the color is in the room let the child naming it point to it or touch it.)

I wonder what the mother hens would think to find colored eggs in their nests! What color are chicken eggs when they are laid? And when old Mother Hen has a nest full of eggs, what does she do? Yes; she sits on the nest and keeps the eggs warm until something is ready to break the shell and come out into the sunlight. Little chicks.

Here is an egg (hold an egg so all can see it), now tell me how many doors and windows it has? None. Then how do you suppose a little chicken could get out? Yes; it picks the shell and breaks it, and sometimes the mother hen helps to break the shell, and lets the chick out into the sunshine. (Now show either a bulb or some large seeds—lima beans or peas will answer.)

Here is something else; see how hard and dry the outside is. Can you tell me what it is? It is very much like egg—hard on the outside; but what do you suppose is inside? I will tell you the secret, listen. *It is a tiny plant*, and when the raindrops and sunshine help it it will grow and break the shell. When you go home, ask your mamas to help you plant some seeds, and then watch them grow. (If you can plant some seeds a week before Easter, do so, as you can show the growing plant to the children.)

Very often we look at things and say they are dry or dead, because we do not understand them. Before the winter comes, we say the trees and flowers die, but in the spring everything seems to wake up and to grow again. So when night comes we go to sleep; but in the morning we wake up again. When warm weather comes we put our winter clothes away and dress in summer clothes, just as the trees and flowers do. And it is at Easter time that we are sure that the waking up time has come and that everything is new.

6. Sing Easter Song.

7. Bible Story.

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

(Luke 7: 11-17)

While Jesus was preaching and teaching the people, He went to a city called Nain, and many of His disciples and ever so many people went with Him. As they neared the gate of the city they saw some people coming out walking very slowly and looking sad and sorrowful, for they were taking a young man, who was dead, to bury him; and his mother, who was a widow, was very sad indeed, for she had no other boy or girl to love her and to care for her. When Jesus saw the poor mother crying, He felt sorry for her, and said, "Weep not." That means, "Do not cry any more. I will help you." And Jesus went to the bier or bed on which the young man lay and touched it, and the men who were carrying it stood still, and Jesus said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." At once the young man sat up and began to talk. Jesus took him to his mother, and everyone rejoiced and praised the Lord and called Jesus a prophet. The sorrowful looks were changed to smiles, and everyone felt happy, for the one they thought was dead was alive and well again.

8. Rest Exercise. Choose.

9. Story. Repeat Miss Lily Bulb.

10. Children's Period.

11. Closing song.

FOURTH SUNDAY, APRIL 23RD, 1905.

1. Hymn. Choose.

2. Prayer. The Lord's Prayer.

3. Song. "In the Early Spring Time."

4. "Good Morning to the Glad New Day."

(Learn the first verse only if a bright day. The second and third verses may be used for *rainy* or *snowy* days. Choose according to the weather.)

I.

Good morning to the sunshine fair,
That lights this world of ours;
Good morning to the singing birds,
Good morning to the flowers!

CHORUS.

Good morning to the glad new day,
Whate'er the skies let fall;
If storm or sunshine, it is sent
A loving gift to all.

II.

Good morning to the friendly clouds,
That bring refreshing rain,
Which patters out "Good morning, dears!"
Against the window pane.

III

Good morning to the lovely snow,
That lies so soft and deep
Above the little tender seeds
In mother earth asleep.

Good morning to the sunshine fair, That lights this world of ours, Good
 morning to the singing birds, Good morning to the flowers!

Good morning to the glad new day, What e'er the skies let fall;

CHORUS.

If storm or sunshine it is sent, A lov-ing gift to all.

5. Nature talk.

(Talk of the spring. Encourage the children to use their eyes. Should anyone bring a flower, leaf buds, or a few blades of grass, acknowledge them, that beauty may be seen in the every-day things which surround us. Should you have a rainy Sunday, sing to the *friendly* clouds. Talk of what the rain does. Show how necessary it is to man, animals and plants. When the day is dark or stormy, have plenty of music, finger exercises, and make sunshine for yourselves. Wear a bright bow of ribbon and a smiling, cheerful face, and your children will be cheerful also.)

6. Let the children choose two or three songs which they would like to sing.**7. Review Bible Story.**

(If some child could tell the story, or or would like to try, let him do so. Encourage the children to take part often, so they will feel that Sunday School belongs to them, in part at least, and that *they* are important to the school.)

Who was going to the city of Nain?

When Jesus and His disciples, and the people with them, were near the gate of the city, what did they see? The people leaving the city were very sad, why? What was the widowed mother doing? What did Jesus say to her? When Jesus touched the bier or bed on which the young man was being carried, what happened? What did Jesus say to the young man? Then what did the young man do? How did all the people feel? How did they show their happiness?

(To the teacher: These questions are for your assistance; ask them in your own way. Never ask questions from the book. Have your eyes free to watch your children.)

8. Rest Exercise

1. Roll your hands like me—quickly, slowly, etc.

Clap your hands like me—loudly, softly, etc.

If a rainy day, close your eyes, lean forward and let the fingers patter on the floor, making the sound of falling rain; then let the hands meet over the head

and the smiling faces represent the sun coming out after the shower.

This may be played on sunny days if considering the work of the rain as well as of the sun.

The following song may be learned if desired.

9. Song.

WAITING TO GROW.

I.

Little white snowdrop, just waking up,
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup,
Under the leaves, and the ice and the snow,
Waiting, waiting to grow!

II.

Think what a host o' queer little seeds,
Soon to make flowers and mosses and weeds,

Are under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

III.

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

IV.

Nothing's so small, or hidden so well,
That God cannot find it and presently tell
His sun where to shine and His rain where to
go,
Helping them grow!

10. Choose your own story.

11. Children's Period.

12. Closing.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C') and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first two staves begin with a treble clef, while the last two begin with a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

- Staff 1: Little white snowdrop, just waking up. Vi - o - let, daisy and sweet butter - cup,
- Staff 2: Under the leaves, and the ice and the snow, Wait - ing, waiting to grow.
- Staff 3: (No lyrics)
- Staff 4: (No lyrics)



A BLIND GIRL'S OPTIMISM.

"Ian Maclareen" relates the following story regarding a little girl who was blind from her birth:

"If I dinna see"—and she spoke as if this were a matter of doubt and she were making a concession for argument's sake—"there's naebody in the Glen can hear like me. There's no footstep of a Drumtochty man comes to the door but I ken his name, and there's no voice oot on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to anyone else, and I can hear them chirping to one another in

the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the bonny moss-rose—and I judge that the oat-cake and milk taste the richer because I dinna see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill-treated by my God, for if He dinna give me ae thing He gave me mony things instead. And, mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that micht ha' been a trial and my faith micht ha' failed. I've lost nothing; my life has been all getting."

OUR LITTLE FOLKS



EDITED BY
LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

V.

Temptation, temptation, forerunner of sin!
Thy seeming fair ways let me enter not in.
Let honor, thy presence and mine, stand be-
tween,
And keep me from all things deceitful and
mean,
Then safely the Lord through all perils will
guide,
His promise is true, He will surely provide.

A Large "Find."

VERY early Friday morning Carlos awakened and sprang out of bed.

"I wish I had not left all my clothing, except what I had on, at Mrs. Ward's," he said. "But I could not help it. And now I shall have to do the best I can to wash and dry what I have. I am glad the weather is so fine and warm. I shall not take cold to leave off part of my clothes and wash them, if I work quickly."

He hurried about and after eating a small breakfast, took the boiler of ashes and rubbish, of which he had spoken to the chickens the evening before, and carried it out to their yard.

The chickens had already been given their bundle of wheat, so they paid no attention to Carl as he scraped and swept the floor of their house, preparatory to spreading the ashes on it. The sweeping

was soon done, and the dirt taken off to a hole which had been used for such purposes. Then Carl emptied out the ashes and commenced to spread them over the floor. He had said there was rubbish in them, but he had not thought of finding anything more than the bones and corn cobs which could be readily seen.

However, he discovered that some young child must have had access to the boiler of ashes, and buried some of its treasures therein. Carl first picked out a little shoe which had evidently been worn by a baby that was learning to walk. Then a table-spoon, a child's rattle and a man's pocket-knife. And as he went on poking the ashes about with a barn-shovel he found still something else, something that almost startled him, after what he had heard from Mrs. Rafton. He took it to the door of the chicken-house on the shovel. Yes, there it was, a well filled leather wallet which fastened with a metal clasp. Carl touched it with his hand and turned it over. Then took it up and brushing the ashes from it, saw printed on one side in gold letters, "Edward Zellon."

"This must have in it the two thousand dollars that Mrs. Rafton told me had been spirited away from here," said Carlos.

And he proceeded to do what any one would have done, being placed in the same circumstances. He opened the

pocket-book and examined its contents. Sure enough, there were several bank notes, amounting in all to exactly two thousand dollars.

Carl knew some little about business, he had often been sent to the bank to cash checks which his grandfather had received for work. And from books as well as other sources, he had gained considerable knowledge. But he knew, best of all, how to be honest, and he did not know how to be dishonest. So carefully had he been trained in this regard that for some moments the thought did not even occur to him that he might keep the ten dollar gold piece and the silver pieces that were in the wallet, and no one ever know of it. When he did think of it, the temptation to do so was, at first, only brief and not very strong.

"No," he said, "not a dime of it, not even those two copper cent pieces are mine, any more than the hundred, or two hundred checks. But I must be careful, and not act foolishly about this matter. Of course the baby that was here got the pocket-book away from the sick man, and put it in the ashes, that is all that any one could make out of it. Ought I to take all this money to Mrs. Rafton? This is her place. No, it isn't altogether hers, she let me have it with all there is on it. This money is mine quite as much as it is hers. But it isn't mine, and I must not keep it here. I must hand it over to some one, who, I wonder. Not Mrs. Rafton! She seems all right, but—I've had a lesson, haven't I? How do I know that Mrs. Rafton is any safer to be trusted than Mrs. Jane Ward proved to be? How do I know that even Aunt May, good and lovely as she seems, or her kind, pleasant mother, or any other woman living—my mother being dead,—could be safely trusted? No, I'll not trust any of them! I'll do the washing I had thought to do, and I'll see what is to be done after-

wards. The bank! Oh yes! That is the place to take these notes to. 'W. T. Bonner, Berryville Bank.' I saw that yesterday as I walked home with Aunt May. That's where I will take the pocket-book to, when I have done my washing and mended Miss Aurd's slippers, which she wished me to let her have as soon as possible."

Thus Carlos talked and planned with himself as he worked.

L. L. G. R.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



APRIL.

In the country now, the spiders and bugs
Crawl out of their little dens:
Sister is beating the carpets and rugs,
And mother is "setting hens."
On April First some genius has ruled,
That somebody, somewhere, has to be fooled.

In Salt Lake City, on every hand,
For frends and relatives dear,
With "April Conference," are welcomes plann'd,
This fourth month of the year.
We will hope, for good weather the power's have
ruled.
And that none of us shall be greatly fooled.

L. L. G. R.



THE TWO APRIL FOOLS.

"Well, Frank, let's have a good time tomorrow, for you know it's April Fool's day."

"All right, Will," responded Frank: "what shall we do to make the best fun?"

The two boys had done with their lessons for the day, though some of the classes were still reciting. Frank and Will were sitting beside a table in one of the rooms which was not then in use. And they put their brains together to think up a good April fool scheme.

"I have it!" said Will. "You know Nellie and Katie Grey are staying at

home alone. Let's invite a lot of the boys and girls to go there to a candy pull tomorrow evening. Won't they all be fooled, though, and won't we have lots of fun over it?"

"Just the thing! I'll help you do it," said Frank.

They got their pens, ink and paper, and set to work to write out their invitations.

They were not quite satisfied with the first invitations they wrote, so they tried again. And when they had succeeded in writing out some very nice invitations, they hurried them into envelopes and away to the post office. In their gleeful haste, the boys had neglected to destroy the first invitations they had written, and left them there, so that anyone who wanted to could pick them up and read them. The news of the plan was soon carried to the Grey's, so the two girls prepared for the guests whom they had not invited.

The two boys went home with merry hearts, thinking of the morrow when their fun was to come off.

The next day passed and evening came, and Frank and Will started for the Grey's to have their laugh over the foolish looking crowd they expected to see.

"Listen!" said Frank, as they drew near the house, "I believe I hear some one talking to Kate. I'll go and peep in the window, and when I beckon, you come."

Nellie was in the kitchen making candy, while Kate was entertaining her guests.

The boys thought they were not noticed, as all seemed to be engaged in pleasant talk. But before they knew it the door flew open and Kate stood there looking at them.

"Come in, come in, boys," she said, "why do you come to the window?"

The boys went in very slowly, and the look on their faces told the mischief.

Nellie came in with candy, which was passed all around, to everyone except Frank and Will. Then there followed laughing and pulling candy, jokes, games and a good time generally.

The candy was passed around the second time, to all but the two boys who had invited the company. By that time it was all gone, and then Nellie spoke to Frank and Willie, saying,

"We should like to have given you some candy, but were afraid there would not be enough for your guests, whom you took so much pains and trouble to invite. And we felt sure you would rather go without yourselves than to have them go short."

The feelings of the two boys may be better imagined than described. They were more than glad when the party broke up, and when they were outside, Frank said,

"Well, Will, you see we are two fools. We were going to make fools of others; but in trying it, we have made fools of ourselves."

ELLEN SMITH,
Harrisburg, Washington Co., Utah.



THE LETTER-BOX.

Miss Bernella Elizabeth Gardner, Pine Valley:

DEAR LITTLE SISTER:—Your story, "How Little Ruth Sold Matches," is remarkably well told for so young a writer. But oh! it is too sad to be printed for our little readers. There are doubtless many things occurring daily that are just as sorrowful as that story. But brighter, happier, things are better for young minds to be led to dwell upon. If we write "made up" stories, we can have them end well at least, if we put in ever so much trouble to be waded through before we come to the last.

We can send a shining ray
If there's sunshine in our hearts.

Let us keep out of the clouds as much
as possible.

Your loving sister,
L. L. Greene Richards.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

MY DEAR FRIENDS OF THE LETTER-BOX:
—This little poem, which I am going to
copy for you, I believe you will all like. I
do. I am nine years old.

INGLES MORTSEN.

Baby Eyes.

Listen close that you may surprise
Part of the secret sweet that lies
Buried deep in baby's eyes.

Wise is the baby with eyes of brown,
Clenching each little hand;
Wrinkling its forehead into a frown,
Trying to understand.
Sweetest and wisest in all the town,
Thoughtful baby with eyes of brown.

Mischievous babe with eyes of blue,
Laughing at other folk;
Planning and plotting the whole day through
Some little baby joke.
Laughing and happy and clever too,
Mischievous baby with eyes of blue.

Calm is the baby with eyes of gray,
Dear little stay-at-home;
Near to the mother at work or play,
Never will care to roam.
More of a comfort from day to day,
Calm little baby with eyes of gray.

Wilful the baby with eyes of black,
Ruling us more and more;
Sunbeams follow the storm cloud's track,
Brighter than those before.
Heart is fonder when smiles come back,
Wilful baby with eyes of black.



Notes.

In the "Prospectus" for this year's JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, which appeared in

December of 1904, notice was given that the little letters to be published this year would have to be more carefully selected than heretofore. Only letters and stories which are considered of general interest can be given space in the Letter-box now. If all the dear little friends of the JUVENILE will please take notice of this, they will likely see that to send their little family personals is not what is desired of them by the publishers of the Letter-Box at present. Two questions were prepared for the first of January paper for the children to write to. But through rush of business in other directions, unexpected and unavoidable to the management of the magazine, some of the copy prepared for the Little Folks was mislaid and did not appear in print. This proves not only disappointing to the little ones, but to their editor, and to all concerned as well. We shall all have to make the best of it, and hope for better fortune in future.

L. L. G. R.



Easter Bs.

Easter bees hum softly,
'Mid the Easter bloom;
Easter buds, responsive,
Send forth sweet perfume;
Easter birdie piping
Through its dainty shell,
Chirps and chippers faintly,
Meaning "All is well."

Easter brooklet bubbles,
Brightening as it flows,
Easter bell sounds joyous
On the breeze that blows;
Easter babes are welcome,
Easter books will tell
Of the balm and blessings,
Breathing, "All is well!"

L. L. G. R.



SMILES.

Sunday School teacher in Book of Mormon class: "The lesson says, 'Alma rent

his coat.' What does 'rent his coat' mean?"

Little boy with commercial insight:
"He made money on it."

Finnegan.—"Oh, yis, Oi can understand how thim astronomers can kalkilate th' distance av a shtarr, its weight, and dinsity and color and all that—but th' thing that gets me is, how th' divvle do they know its name."

Two small boys at the newsboy's dinner

put their grimy little hands together on the tablecloth.

"Mine's dirtier 'n your'n," exclaimed one triumphantly.

"Huh!" said the other disdainfully, "you're two year older 'n me."

"My plea," said the young lawyer, who had just won his first case, "seemed to strongly affect the jury."

"Yes," replied the judge, "I was afraid at one time that you would succeed in getting your client convicted, in spite of his innocence."



HE AROSE IN TRIUMPH.

Words by Eliza R. Snow.

Music by E. Beesley.

Respectfully dedicated to Sister Maggie Hull.

Prelude.

Cea-e, ye fond par - ents, cease to weep; Let grief no more your bos - oms swell;

f

For what is death? 'Tis na - ture's sleep, For what is death? 'Tis nature's sleep; The

d m.

eres.

TENOR

trump of God will break its spell. For He whose arm is strong to save, For He whose arm is

TREBLE.

ALTO.

BASS.

strong to save, Arose in triumph o'er the grave, Arose in triumph o'er the grave.

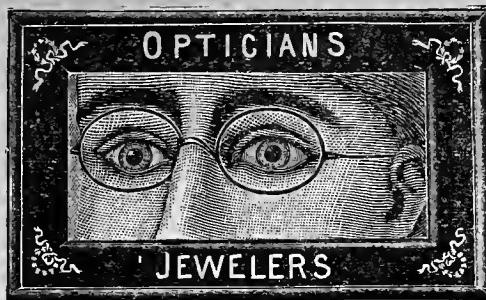
strong to save, Arose in triumph o'er the grave, Arose in triumph o'er the grave.

2 Why should you sorrow? Death is sweet
To those that die in Jesus' love;
Though called to part, you soon will meet
In holier, happier climes above;
For all the faithful Christ will save,
And crown with vict'ry o'er the grave.

3 There's consolation in the blow,
Although it crush a tender tie;
For while it lays its victims low,
Death opens to the worlds on high;
Celestial glories proudly wave
Above the confines of the grave.

4 Let heathen nations clothe the tread
 Of death in faithless, hopeless gloom,
While vain imaginations spread
 Terrific forms around the tomb;
For human science never gave
 A light to shine beyond the grave.

5 But where the light, the glorious light
Of revelation freely flows,
Let reason, faith and hope unite
To hush our sorrows to repose;
Through faith in Him who died to save,
We'll shout hosannas o'er the grave.



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